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CHICKAMAUGA.

Going into Action with Hands Full
of Bacon and Coffee.

TERRIFIC FIGHTING.

The First Soldier Wounded in
the Great Battle.

OUTRUN BY THE REBS.

A Captured Battery that had
to be Abandoned.BY J. B. WEINSTER,
Captain, Co. I, 30th Ky., 321 E. Walnut Street,
Louisville, Ky.

A break of day, Sept. 19, 1863, the order came down the line, "Halt! Close up; front; stack arms, and prepare to eat breakfast as rapidly as possible." This was the morning succeeding the memorable night of Sept. 18, 1863, during which the whole heavens were lighted up by the fires kindled along the line of march. The halt was made near a running brook, and in a very short space of time many little fires were burning, around each of which were gathered small groups of men eagerly watching the coffee boiling while they tasted slices of bacon on the end of a stick.

Just at this inopportune moment, boom! boom! boom!!! came the sound of cannon from the direction in which we had been marching, and at no great distance from us. As if by instinct, every man abandoned his coffee, disposed of his bacon, either by putting it in his mouth or his haversack, and rushed for his gun.

When the command "Attention!" came, every man was ready to take arms promptly at the word. "Shoulder arms! Right face! Forward, march!" quickly followed, and we were again on the move.

The grand rush now made by those who had abandoned their coffee-broilers to regain possession of them, and secure the benefit of the much-needed stimulant, was edifying.

To see the attempts made to swallow the hot beverage while marching over the rough road was ludicrous in the extreme. The writer was one of the party that went through the experience of trying to eat hardtack and bacon, and drinking hot coffee, while marching over rough ground. Many among our regiment went into the Chickamauga battle with both hands full of something to eat or drink.

We had not far to go to find the enemy. The Major of our regiment rode down the line, and in a confidential manner said to me: "Captain, we have a soft snap here. A rebel brigade has crossed the creek to this side, and our forces have destroyed the bridge behind them, and we are now going in to gobble them up." With that he rode off.

Our brigade was composed, when first organized, of the 4th and 10th Ky., 13th Ohio, and 10th Ind. Some changes had been made among them. The 4th Ky. had been mounted and taken from us, while the 74th Ind. and the 38th Ohio were brigaded with us at this time. We were known as the Third Brigade, Third Division, Fourteenth Corps.

On this particular day, as before stated, we had not far to go to find the enemy, after our attempt to drink the hot coffee. Co. A, (Capt. McKay, 19th Ky., was sent to the front after our line of battle had been formed, and deployed as skirmishers to cover the front of the line, composed of the 10th Ky. and 13th Ohio.

Co. A was not out very long before it was forced back to us in a hurry; and to use Capt. McKay's expression when asked the why of his sudden return, "It was too hot out there."

Our line remained as first formed, prepared to meet the anticipated attack of the approaching enemy. For a short space of time an ominous silence prevailed in that place, broken occasionally by the sound of a musket-shot in the woods in front of us, followed by the peculiar and indescribable sound made by a bullet hitting through the air.

These "silence interrupters" were few and far between at first, but they rapidly increased in frequency. So much so that the timid and weak-hearted were anxiously searching with their eyes for some safe place, such as a friendly tree (also unimportant) or a rise in the ground behind which they could, at the last moment, retire. And here at this time and at this place fell the first Federal soldier, mortally wounded, in the battle of Chickamauga.

His name was Robert, a private in Co. D, 30th Ky. The writer heard the thud when the bullet hit him, followed almost immediately by the most hideous sound that ever escaped from the vocal organs of a man. Never will that cry be erased from the memory of all who heard it. His arms went up, his gun flew far from him, and he fell in his place with the death wound in his groin.

There was one little soldier in my company who was quite young when he enlisted. He was to be a Fifer, but failing to get a tune out of the life a small drum was given to him. His success on that instrument was

equaled only with that of the life, and after much time had been wasted in these efforts, during which he had grown older and larger, the conclusion was reached that the only instrument with which he would succeed would be the musket. He was, accordingly, given the complete outfit of a soldier and put in the ranks as a private.

On this 19th of September he was in the front rank, nearly on the extreme left of the company, in consequence of his short stature. One or two shots had been fired from that locality, and I walked in that direction to learn the cause. Upon inquiry, it was learned the little Fifer had done the shooting.

"Johnny, what are you shooting at?" was the query.

"I am shooting at the rebels," said he.

"But you cannot see them," I said.

"Oh, yes, I do."

"Where?" I asked.

"Right down there," he said. "There they are now," and he raised his gun to the proper level and blazed away again.

Just at this time Capt. Milburn, of Co. B, 10th Ky. (extreme left company), notified Col. Hays that a large force was approaching our left flank at exactly right angles to us. The orders to "left face, forward; double-quick, left," came in rapid succession, and away we went to meet the new attack.

This movement was just too late to prevent a heavy loss in Cos. B and K, for the



A HEROIC RESCUE.

enemy detected our move to change front and poured a heavy volley into our left, which those two companies caught.

We soon hustled the "Confeds" away from there, and then took our wounded off the field. We had no time to care for the dead, because of the advance of the enemy upon what at first was our right, but just then was our rear.

The command now came, "Right face, forward, double-quick, file right, march," which sent us flying across the field; the line at right angles with our first line, where we met the foe advancing from that direction.

We soon cleared that part of the field, and for a short time was at rest.

Now again they advanced upon the first



"Go back! Go back! This hill must be held at all hazards!" kind that we had met them, and where Stewart had been killed. Of course, we must again change front, by the left flank, filing left, to meet this new attack. And thus were we attacked, and thus did we meet them for I know not how many hours, nor did we get any relief until our cartridge-boxes were empty and we were sent to the rear for ammunition, while a brigade of Regulars took our place in the field.

Up to this time the men had worn, or carried, all the baggage they usually marched with. The orders to lay off knapsacks and all cartridge-boxes were

CRIED WITH ALACRITY, and not very too soon. All had not secured a full supply of ammunition when the word "Attention!" rang out, and "Fall in, 10th Ky.," immediately followed. The line was quickly formed and began moving in the direction of the ground first taken by us in the battle.

We had then advanced but a short distance when "Halt; lie down," came. We promptly obeyed. The brigade sent to relieve us had been routed and was making tracks to the rear at a lively gait, closely followed by the Johnnies in hot pursuit. Over our prostrate line went the blue-coats like a mob, without form, in squads of from one to half a dozen. When nearly all had passed over us, "Attention!" rang out, which brought every man to his feet. The pursuing grays, seeing us come up out of the ground, as if we were stopped from their mad run and poured a volley into us. Their aim was not good, as little damage was done,

Private Richard Roler, of my company, received a mortal wound just as he straightened up.

"Fix bayonets; forward, double-quick, charge!" was now the order, and away we went in full chase of the Johnnies, who, but a few moments before, were rushing over the same ground in mad pursuit of the flying "Feds." In this

SECOND RACE the "un-Feds" showed up well as racers; for when our commander at the proper time called a "halt" not a Johnny Reb could be seen.

We thought we had been making good time in that race, but the result showed us not to have been in it at all, as we did not even "get a place." When at last we came to a stand-still our line presented a curious formation. The center had advanced far ahead of the flanks, making an inverted V-shaped line. "Dress on the colors" necessitated the advancing of the flanks.

While this was going on I saw, some distance in advance of us, what appeared to be a full battery. The horses were lying down, and not a man was to be seen around them. I immediately called Col. Hays's attention to it, and suggested that we "go for it" and take it off the field. He shook his head, but said nothing. I returned to my place. The next moment I heard a voice in front, and looking in the direction of it saw the Adjutant of the 14th Ohio sitting upon his horse a short distance in front of the line, calling attention to the battery mentioned.

The 14th Ohio was formed on our left, and the Adjutant was in front of the junction of these two regiments. Col. Hays observed what was going on, and seeing a disposition on the part of the men to take that battery, he called out:

"If you want it go for it," and we were soon moving toward it.

At a proper distance we halted, and Co. I, 10th Ky., was ordered to advance and deploy to cover the whole line, to

PREVENT A SURPRISE while the guns were being hauled off to the rear. This skirmish-line was many yards from the main line, and when this order was completed the skirmish-line was very thin, as the company was not numerically large and had considerable ground to cover.

When all was ready, men from both regiments were detailed to do the work. As they neared the battery, a cry came from away beyond—a cry of distress, an appeal for help, a boyish voice crying to be saved. It was a cry that went to the hearts of the stout men of the detail there present, and I said to one them:

"Go to his relief, and I will protect you with my guns."

Away he sped, closely followed by a dozen pair of eyes. Suddenly he was lost to view. For a time great uneasiness prevailed among our little squad. Each man was straining his eyes to catch a sight of the rescuer, while a deep silence reigned in our midst.

At length he was seen returning, and as he neared us we observed that he had something in his arms. That something proved to be a lad, apparently some 12 or 14 years of age, who had received a wound of some

protecting our rear. This heavy musketry in the rear meant danger to us. Either death or capture.

On looking around to the place where we left the line when we were sent forward as skirmishers, not a living person was to be seen. All had gone—we knew not where, while we, a small company, were away out in the front, and

HEAVY FIGHTING GOING ON immediately in our right rear. For a moment I was startled, but having full confidence in our field officers I was soon myself again, and ordered my men to hold the line intact and slowly fall back.

After several yards to the rear had been gained, I called a halt and looked anxiously back for some order as to where I ought to go. There were more or less words on this part of the field, which prevented my seeing any distance. Not many minutes passed when I saw our regiment "double-quick" immediately across our rear from left to right of the field by right flank, going toward the musketry then so heavy. As yet I had received no orders, and did not feel justified in abandoning my position without them.

As I continued to watch all points I discovered the Colonel's Orderly coming toward me. When he was I was watching him he beckoned with his hand for me to come off the ground we then held. I understood, and called for a "rally on the right," which call was responded to with a will by each man.

When all were gathered I took my place beside my Orderly-Sergeant, instructed my Lieutenant to keep the men in their places, and follow me. By the right flank we moved toward the firing, which all this time was rapid. We had covered more than half the distance when I discovered on the right of us a fallen tree, in the lap of which was our Surgeon, Dr. Stocking, dressing the wound of a soldier.

I notified him that I was the last of our troops off the field and it would be well enough for him to take note of it, and I passed along. The next time I saw this Surgeon after that particular date, he told me I had saved him, as he had not been thinking of anything except what he was doing at that time, and he had made a

NARROW ESCAPE from capture. He expressed his gratitude to me for calling his attention to the danger of his position.

About this time the boys in blue were getting away pretty fast. They left one at a time at first, then by twos and threes, then in larger squads, until it seemed that none would be left to keep up the fight.

All this time Co. I was making good time to the rescue. A staff officer came riding along, and suggested to me that I halt and give the enemy a volley. About this time it was plain to be seen that our brigade, or at least a portion of it, had been routed, for the men were coming off the field very rapidly, every man for himself. The rebels were closely following, shouting as they came, their bullets sounding unpleasantly near, now and then hitting some retreating form.

The ground where this officer made his suggestion did not suit me. It was descending into a hollow, beyond which was rising ground which I thought better. So bearing off a little more to the right I struck out for the higher ground. Soon after crossing the hollow, and while climbing the rise, Lieut. Col. Wharton, 10th Ky., came walking along, why not mounted I never knew, and accosted me thus:

"Where are you going, Captain? Halt, and give them a volley."

"I will as soon as I get on a little higher ground," I said. But I doubt if he heard me, for he had hurried on past me.

When the brow of the rise was reached I ordered a "halt; about face!" and to load and fire as fast as possible. I instructed the Lieutenants to hold the men to the work.

I then fell back from the line thus formed, just far enough from the

NOISE OF THE FIRING to be heard, and with my voice and the brandishing of my sword I attracted the attention of the retreating men. In the course of a few moments I had soon quite a number of such to join my company, and in an incredibly short time my little company had grown to about 300.

Capt. F. S. Hill, Co. F, 10th Ky., came along, and when he saw my success he began to rally a line on my right, and soon had a goodly number of men pouring cold lead into the advancing rebs.

We were never routed from this point by

AN OBSTINATE GROWTH.



Surplus-hating Editor—"Why, confound the thing! Here I cut it down every night, and blamed if it aint bigger than ever next morning!"

the Johnnies. In fact, they were checked right there, and we remained upon this impromptu line until relieved by other troops, which occurred soon after, they passing in our front unmolested. Our brigade left the field in good shape, all intact, excepting the killed and wounded.

Do not infer by what I have written that our men were demoralized or stampeded. They were not, as is clearly evidenced by their prompt response to my rallying call. Why they left the field as they did I never knew, but their own actions showed all they needed was a rallying-place, and when they saw Co. I intact and doing good work, they gathered around them and did their full duty.

When we were relieved by the other troops referred to above we fell back a short distance, and for that day

OUR FIGHTING WAS OVER. We had good fire during the first part of the night, and enjoyed our rest very much after the long campaign of the day and night marching and this day's fighting.

About 3 o'clock a. m. Sept. 20 we were aroused, ordered into line, and soon took up the march, destined for we knew not where nor for what. However, we did not travel far until a line of battle was formed. Everything was shrouded in darkness. The morning air was cold, and the grass and foliage damp with the heavy dew of early night, causing great discomfort. Fires were not allowed, and very few of us had blankets and none had overcoats. From that time until daylight seemed very long, and felt very uncomfortable.

All was silent after our line was formed. The men huddled together in little groups upon the ground for comfort and company, conversing in whispers about the previous day's fight, could be heard on one side, while on the other side deep silence prevailed. It was an anxious time for all. None of us knew why we were there, but all surmised it meant a battle.

About the moment of the first appearance of dawn, the report of a gun fired immediately in our front was heard. Every man was awake and peering anxiously into the darkness, which was now fast becoming less opaque. As objects became visible, our first discovery was a line of soldiers in our front immediately behind a light breastwork of rails and logs, hastily thrown up in a very imperfect manner.

We were then occupying a second line, which everyone who has been there will no doubt bear me out in saying is a very TRYING POSITION.

We were instructed to fall back a short distance to a dry ravine, where we lay down. The line in our front was attacked as soon as it was fairly light, and for a long time the missiles of death came very fast.

All these missiles did not stop at the first line. Hundreds of them reached our line. Several of our men got a shot in the top of the shoulder as they lay hugging close down in the little ravine with their heads towards the front and their heels high up on the other side of the ravine. Some got a shot in the leg as they thus lay. It was a trying time to us of the second line.

There was a sparse growth of trees scattered here and there, and many a leaf fell among us as we lay there, cut off the parent stem by the passing bullets, while one could see the little blades of grass that were being moved by the wind, just near his head, fall upon the ground, cut down by a flying missile. We dared not move from there. Neither could we return the fire on account of the first line, fearing we might hit the men in it. All we could do was to closely embrace Mother Earth and wish the enemy would quit throwing such ugly things at us. How long we thus lay I cannot say, but probably not so long as it seemed.

When the firing began the intervals between were quite long. These grew shorter and shorter each moment, until at the end of 15 or 20 minutes there was continuous musketry, interspersed with the boom of cannon, and getting nearer to us each moment.

At the proper time our first line began firing; then the roar of the musketry was SOMETHING TERRIBLE

to the listener, and after a time many feet could be heard making tracks to the rear, running over us as we lay there.

We were ordered up to the front, but could make little headway on account of meeting so many retreating, and particularly on account of such dense smoke as filled the air. Nothing could be seen for it. It ap-

pears that by some means the rail and log breastwork had caught fire, and before we could advance any distance the fire was under good headway, and we were forced to fall back to prevent being burned up or suffocated by the smoke.

Our line was halted in due time, and the enemy had not yet passed the breastworks when he felt an enfilading fire from our right rear. Our attention was called in that direction, and we saw coming through a cornfield a large body of men marching in good form in line of battle, with colors flying, apparently as unconcerned as though passing in review.

The word passed down the line that the colors were Gen. McCook's battle-flag. We were ready to believe this, as they were just in rear of our line, and only a few moments before Gen. Baird had ridden up to and instructed one of our commanders to remain where they were and not to change position. His words were, "Not yet; not yet," and he soon left our vicinity.

A short time afterward a mounted officer rode up to me and said: "Captain, do not let your men shoot down there (pointing toward the cornfield); these are our men."

He wore the uniform of a Federal officer, and I

DID NOT DOUBT HIM for a moment. I went among the men and reported his orders to them. As I did so, one of my company turned around and responded very promptly:

"Captain, they are shooting at us."

I then told them to give it to them thick and fast.

In the meantime I gave my attention to the party who had shown so much concern for the safety of that approaching column. It appears that he mistrusted that his identity had been discovered, as I saw him riding at a break-neck speed to the cornfield. He did not go very far, however. His Confederate friends caught the horse bearing only an empty saddle.

Closely following this incident was another of considerable interest, not only to us at the time, but to others long afterward. Four men were seen coming into our lines, each having hold of one corner of a blanket. The contents were apparently heavy, as the men labored hard in their efforts to carry it. They succeeded in reaching and passing through our line immediately by where I was standing.

I looked at the object in the blanket. There lay as fine a specimen of physical manhood as one need to look upon. I glanced at his features to learn if I had ever known him. No; I never saw him before. There was every evidence of suffering upon his countenance, and, as his glance met mine, I shall never forget the deep frown which

SWEET OVER HIS FACE. Great furrows sunk deep into his brow, and scorn is no name for the expression he gave me as he was borne along in his helpless condition.

Who was this man, and why this frown? I only had time to inquire as to the first; the latter I surmised. I was told by his bearers that it was Gen. Adams, of the Confederate army, and that he was seriously wounded. He was brought into our lines by mistake, his bearers supposing they were going to their rear, until it was too late to correct the error.

Many years have passed since this incident occurred, yet every feature of it is as fresh to me as if it had happened yesterday. I never heard more about this Confederate General, although I made many inquiries about him.

As he was borne away, my attention reverted to our surroundings, and I found the forces of the enemy were fast getting into our rear, turning our right flank and doubling us up like an elbow at first, and shortening the angle at every moment, thus enabling them to fire upon us from three directions.

We were nearly annihilated when instructed to "come out of that," which we lost no time in doing. Our loss here was considerable. Capt. Seth Beville, of Co. E, 10th Ky., received a mortal wound from which he died a few days later. Second Lieut. John H. Myers, Co. I, 10th Ky., was killed instantly, and several others were killed whose names I cannot recall.

As we came out of this trap we were marched over a small hill, upon the top of which were a few pieces of artillery supported by some infantry. We passed over the hill, descended into the valley, halting beyond for a short rest, and, if possible, to gather our scattered forces. We were wonderfully reduced in numbers, but at the end of a short time we were rejoiced to see some of the missing ones come in.

Gen. Thomas sat upon his horse about half way up the hill behind which we were, INTENTLY WATCHING the events as they occurred. Several attempts were made by the Confederates to take this hill, but failed. Staff officers were constantly reporting to Gen. Thomas from other portions of the field. In doing so, they were obliged to ride up the hill through a space about 20 yards wide in full range of the enemy's sharpshooters. We knew they were there, because we heard the music of the little missiles as they passed harmlessly by.

Gen. Thomas seemed to know about their presence, or he bore a charmed life, as he just kept out of the range; but these staff officers, as they rode up to him, had to pass over the ground covered by them.

Many a blanched face did I see ere this dangerous ground. After several attempts of the rebs to take this hill it seems they had determined to have it, for they came again with an increased force, and apparently were on the point of success. Our artillery support gave way and came scampering down on our side of the hill.

Gen. Thomas had not ceased his vigilance. He saw it all, and in a moment he drew his sword, arose in his stirrups and rode among his men, shouting to them:

"Go back. Go back. This hill must be held at all hazards."

(Continued on 24 page.)

Experiences
AND
Adventures
IN DISTANT LANDS.Dinner With a Provincial Governor
at Canton.

NO EPIQUEUREAN FEAST.

Only the Tea and Roast Pig Fit
to Taste.BY T. DEE HOLLES, U. S. N.
(Copyright, 1891.)

HILE lying in the river off Canton, during the Winter of 1874, it became our duty, as the official representatives of the United States, to do honor to the new Viceroy or Governor of that province. The former Governor had

been summoned to Peking and given a new post of honor, and the new one had arrived amid a flourish of trumpets, drums and flags, in which we had joined by dressing ship and, on an official visit to the ship, firing the customary salute.

Two days later another official visited the ship and extended to the Captain and officers an invitation to dinner at the Governor's. Acting upon this the Captain ordered four officers by name to be ready on the day set to accompany him. I was one of the un-



OFF TO THE GOVERNOR'S.

fortunates, and, much as I disliked the idea, being ordered, I must go.

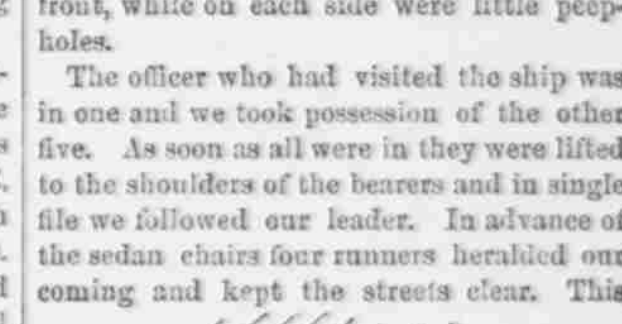
Once before I had attended such a dinner, and full well knew what

AGONY OF MIND

and stomach I was about to undergo. It was obligatory to eat of every dish, and some of them, to our American palates, savored, alas, of the swill-barrel or the dung-heap; age and smell being a requisite for the Chinese palate.

At 5 p. m. on the fateful day we left the ship in full uniform, with the Captain, and pulled to the landing. There we found six sedan chairs, each with four bearers. These chairs were like sentry-boxes, with long shafts sticking out, two in front and two behind. The covers were like sugar-bowl covers, having a large glass ball on the top. They were really comfortable inside, though cramped. A silk curtain of yellow hung in front, while on each side were little peep-holes.

The officer who had visited the ship was in one and we took possession of the other five. As soon as all were in they were lifted to the shoulders of the bearers and in single file we followed our leader. In advance of the sedan chairs four runners heralded our coming and kept the streets clear. This



THE FEAST.

they did with loud shouts, and any unfortunate who was not prompt in obedience was pushed, kicked or overturned. The way must be clear for "their Excellencies." The motion of the chairs, as the bearers swung along

AT A DOG-TROT, was like a boat amid breakers, most disagreeable and jolting.

Three quarters of an hour and we were set down in the inner court of the "Yamen," or official house. Thence we passed through a crowd of servants, who gazed curiously and insolently at us, into the ante-chamber, and then into the audience hall. This was arranged with chairs and little tables, two at the head of the room, the others down each side in a single row, first a table, then a chair.

As we entered at one door the Governor and his suite entered by another, and after much ceremonious bowing and shaking our own hands at each of the Chinese, a farce which they also went through, the Governor motioned our Captain to the chair next his, and then we all sat down, Chinese on the left, Americans on the right, looking toward the host.

Cups of tea and sweetmeats were placed on each table. Just here let me describe a Chinese cup of tea. Upon a silver stands a

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